Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue:his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake,though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes;there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt,the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger;which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set downe: he shall with speed to England,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the seas,and countries different,
With variable obiects,shall expell
This something setled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What tinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well.
But yet doe I beleeue the origen and comencement of it
Sprung from neglected loue: how now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all: my Lord,doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit,after the play.
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To show his griefe,let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd(so please you)in the eare
Of all their conference:if she find him not,
To England send him:or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet,and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue,but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the town cryer spoke my lines,nor doe not saw the aire too much with your hand thus,but vse all gently,for in the very torrent tempest,and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, O it offends me to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe

tere a passion to totters,to very rags,to spleet the eares of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shewes,and noyse:I would haue such a fellow whipt for oredooing Termagant,it out Herods Herod,pray you auoyde it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own e discretion bee your tutor, sute the action to the word,the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modesty of nature: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold as twere the Mirrour vp to nature,to shew vertue her feature;scorne her own Image,and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardy off,though it makes the vnskillfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the censure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there bee Players that I haue seene play, and heard others prayse,and that highly,not to speake it prophanely, that neither hauing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man,haue so strutted and bellowed,that I haue thought some of Natures Ionrnemen had made men,and not made them well,they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs:

Ha. O reforme it altogether,and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them,for there be of them that will themselues laugh,to set on some quantity of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered:that's villanous,and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you ready.How now my Lord,will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius,Guyldensterne,and Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene too,and that presently,

Ham. Bid the Plaiers make hast.Wil you two help to hasten them.

Ros. I my Lord *Exeunt those two.*

Ham. What how,*Horatio*. *Enter Horatio.*

Hora. Heere sweete Lord,at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*,thou art een as iust a man
As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22277) LONDON, 1611 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3734) Octavo